

ent preparation is one
of the most powerful
Materia Medica affords,
a never before been con-
dition, of this kind, and is
judges, to be decided.
Opoleldod. Externally
great advantage for gout
or Straus, Bruises and
Injuries, Stiffness, and
Back or Limbs. Sur-
admirable application to
Fractured Bones, both

and with the most happy
for hard, dry, spasmodic
pains in the side, or
caused by lifting or other-
wise of the Urin, for Deafness
occurred, and for pains
in the teeth; a lock of cotton dipped
in a painful tooth, gives
will be found to possess
British Oil, of the white
lode now in existence,
effects are double to that
of the tincture of its beneficial
cases might be multiplici-
the following respectable
eighth to be sufficient.

FICATES.

I hereby certify, that af-
flicted with a Rheumatic
disease, I was attacked with
it in all my limbs, to
the year 1824, and was at
the end of weeks by two skill-
ful physicians the least sensi-
tive and limbs were almost as
my hands and arms so
I could neither turn in
out. While in this state,
an Anodyne Liniment
was recommended to
the use of it in Feb.
1825.

ers, having experienced
Johnson's American An-
tislavery obstructions
give my testimony in
remedy in this painful

MERCER, of Sullivan,
Franklin,
of Sullivan.

sale and Retail by
Oxford Bookstore, who is
a member of the Pro-
fession, by the principal
and by Wakefield,
Shing-ton-street, Boston.
oSwly 125

E AT THE
Bookstore,
way,

y of BLANKS—such as
claim and Warrantee
Attorneys—Leases—Sher-
iff Bonds—Administrators
Deeds—Bonds—
solutions—Justices' Writs—
Conse-tee Writs—Confession
executions—Town Clerks
books of all kinds on hand
prices. Oct. 3.

for sale at the Oxford
per cent. discount,
THE
SSISTANT;
dred outlines, or skele-
tally extracted from va-
composi-
Oct. 11.

RS remaining in
Norway, Oct. 1, 1827.
Gould—Sophia Gal-
—Paul Lombard—Bet-
Mills—Benjamin Pea-
Jr.—Dorothy Seavey
Upton—John Wag-
BARTON, A. P. M.

for sale at the Oxford
per cent. discount,
THE
SSISTANT;
dred outlines, or skele-
tally extracted from va-
composi-
Oct. 11.

ITTS.
been appointed Agent
son's Saundice Bitter,
for persons afflicted
complaints of that kind
pleasant and strong-
ly by all such as have
or sale wholesale and re-
vers who purchase
applied on reasonable
ASA BARTON

ASA BARTON

SSERVER
urday Morning, by
ARTON,
ROPIETORS.)

ject to a deduction: I
who pay cash within
date of their subscrip-
tion, I
consequently insert, I
dollar per square—
ly five cents. Legal
tempest.

Until all arrangements
of the publisher.

seems it expedient to
he shall always en-
correct, he will not
for any error in any
the amount charged

OXFORD OBSERVER

VOL. IV.]

NORWAY, (Maine,) THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1827.

[NO. 174.

MISCELLANY.

[FROM THE PHILADELPHIA SOUVENIR.]

THE WIDOW'S SON,

OR

THE STORY OF A BROTHER-IN-LAW

By the Author of "Tales for Leisure Hours."

I have so knit his story with my own,
That you may almost call it mine—our lives
Were so inseparable. THE ALCHEMIST.

It was one of those dark wet dis-
agreeable evenings, which are so often
experienced in England, when a trav-
elling carriage drove up to the inn, at
which I had but a short time previously
arrived. I was rejoiced to perceive the
probability of having a companion at the
upper table, (for I had been at the inn
long enough to discover I was the only
guest,) as of all solitudes, none appear-
ed to me more wearisome than loneliness
in a tavern, and more especially
loneliness at a meal. But I was dis-
appointed; it is true, the passenger alighted
from the vehicle, and entered the
apartment where I was seated. He was
a man whom I judged had numbered
from twenty-three to twenty-five years
in life; his figure elegant, his face pos-
sessing every requisite of manly beauty;
in general, his personal attractions were
such as necessarily must have excited
admiration, as I subsequently discovered
of his virtues, and mental acquirement
could not fail to inspire the sincerest es-
teem.

On entering the apartment, he bowed
gracefully to me, and inquired "how far
distant was the village of Lansford?"
Not being able to give him the de-
sired information, I rang the bell, and
the landlord answering the summons,
informed the stranger that the distance
was about ten miles.

"I must reach there to-night," said
the gentleman; "it is long since I have
greeted the home of my childhood, and
the greeting of home, is a gratification
too delightful to be longer delayed."

With this observation, he again bowed,
and left the apartment; and from the
window to which I had almost uncon-
sciously drawn my chair, I beheld him
enter the carriage, in which, as it drove
by, I caught the glimpse of a female,
and with increased curiosity watched the
vehicle until it was out of view, and
then listened until the rattling of the
wheels became fainter and fainter, and
nothing was heard except the rain mak-
ing its noisy patterning against the win-
dow panes.

I felt a deep interest in that stranger,
from the moment I first beheld him. I
was certain that he was the hero of
some highly interesting and romantic
tale; and a warm imagination, not like-
ly to be chilled by solitude, made him
the chief character in various dramas.
All of them, however, widely different
from that in which my visit to Lansford
had found him a busy actor.

Yes, I went to Lansford. I retired to
bed on the night I first beheld the stran-
ger, and dreamed of him. When I
awoke, my first recollection was of him;
and determined, if possible, to discover
who he was. I paid my tavern bill, and
rode to Lansford.

It was the first time I had visited that
delightful village, which has ever since
been my home. Every cottage shone
in beauty, every countenance smiled in
cheerfulness; and when I entered the
place, I seemed a participant in the sur-
rounding contentment, and calmness stole
over my feelings like the first breath-
ing of spring upon the cold earth. My
first endeavor was to discover the stran-
ger, but in vain! The first day of my
sojourn in Lansford, was spent in
useless inquiry: on the evening of the
second, I saw him, and I shall never for-
get his altered appearance—never for-
got that internal grief, that blightenedness
of hope which his countenance evinced.
This sudden alteration in his appearance,
shocked me; it was like the searing of
a noble plant by a sudden and unexpect-
ed tempest.

When I saw him, it was in a funeral
procession which passed the cottage in
which I had taken up my abode. He,
and a young lady whom he supported,
appeared to be the chief mourners; al-
though all that attended in the train,
seemed sincere participants in the sor-
row that death had created.

"Who is that?" I inquired of the
cottage's daughter with whom I board-
ed. "He that is supporting the lady?"

"They are her son and daughter, sir,"
replied the girl.

"Whose son and daughter?" I again
inquired.

"The widow Melbourne's," answered
the girl. "He only came home from
the Indies, two nights since; but his
good mother was already dying, and he
got home but a short time before her
death."

I determined on the succeeding morning
to visit the cottage of Melbourne; hav-
ing in answer to a note which I addressed
to him, received his permission to do so. I went there: the house was
the most beautiful that adorned the
village. It had the appearance of cheer-
fulness, of comfort that seemed to op-
pose the approach of sorrow, much less
its entrance into such an abode. It
wore externally the very garb of hap-
piness. The snowy whiteness of the
building, the rich greenness of the
woodbine that grew around it, and the
smiling fertility of the garden which
adjoined it, all delighted the eye, and
pleased the senses; but still, sorrow was

placed under the care of an English tu-
tor, who resided in the family of a gen-
tleman, whose attachment, like that of
Mr. Melbourne's had induced him to
reside in India.

The intelligence and beauty of young
Melbourne, naturally rendered him ex-
ceedingly dear to his guardian, who
looked upon him as a son; and the
tutor as a son father would

wore externally the very garb of hap-
piness. The snowy whiteness of the
building, the rich greenness of the
woodbine that grew around it, and the
smiling fertility of the garden which
adjoined it, all delighted the eye, and
pleased the senses; but still, sorrow was

insensible to their high and dear claims;
but for them the weight of my affliction
would have been insupportable."

We were here interrupted by the en-
trance of a servant, who informed him
that a gentleman was in the adjoining
apartment who was anxious to see him,

"I am not in spirits to receive com-
pany," said Charles.

"He says his business is urgent, sir,"
returned the servant, "that it effects
your happiness."

"Strange," rejoined Charles, "but
show him in."

It obedience to his request the man
left the room, and soon ushered in a res-
pectable looking gentleman about fifty
years of age.

On entering the apartment, Charles
arose, and cried in astonishment—

"No, Mr. Lifton! can it be possible?"
Yes, even so, Charles," replied his
father-in-law, (for it was he,) "I have
come, not for the purpose of taking a
wife from you, though you took a daugh-
ter from me; but to spend the remain-
ing portion of my days in my native land,
and unless you say otherwise, with you."

"Say otherwise? impossible," returned
Charles, "this kindness—"

"no more boy—no more," interrupted
Mr. Lifton. "On the very day of
your departure from Calcutta, I discov-
ered that the dog of a nobleman I intended
for Celia, had a wife living in Lon-
don. At first I thought of shooting him;
and then hanging myself; but I after-
wards thought it would be wiser to in-
struct my agent to sell off and remit to
me; and as one of the company's ves-
sels was ready to sail, follow and for-
give you, as you see I have done. But
where—where is Celia?"

"She is with my sister," answered
Charles, "soothing and consoling her,
as she has soothed and consoled me in
our affliction."

"Affliction?" reiterated Mr. Lifton,
"why what has happened?"

Charles told him of his mother's death
and I observed the cheerful old man
brush from his eyelids the tears that
gave evidence of his feeling heart.

"Cheer up lad, cheer up," said he,
"all yet will be bright with you. You
see I have come in to lighten your sor-
rows, like a—pshaw! I am a bad one
at similes, but I am here to do all I can
to make you happy; so bring Celia to
me, and your sister likewise, if she will
see a stranger now."

Charles left the room, and soon re-
turned with his wife, who received the
embrace and blessing of her father, in a
manner which evinced how sensible she
was of his affection. Emily Melbourne,
was soon after introduced to Mr. Lifton,
with whom she at once became a favor-

ite.

I remained with this interesting family
the whole of that day, and on the next
I purchased a cottage, in which I still
reside with my wife. And who is she? my
readers; (if I have any,) will inquire.
Not disposing to leave this portion of
my narrative in mystery, I will tell them
at once it was Emily Melbourne that was.
It did not require a long acquaintance
with her to make me love her, and she
soon loved me: why—perhaps she could
tell, if she would, far better than I can.
Certain it is, I am a very happy man,
and so is Charles Melbourne, who re-
sides near me, his father-in-law, being a
member of his domestic circle. We are
all happy light hearted beings, and our
children evince in their love for each
other, that they inherit the same feel-
ings that unite their parents soul to soul.
Long may we so continue."

There is not a cloud in the sky of our
existence—it is clear, calm, beautiful.
Contentment has spread her white wings
over our dwelling, and her sister virtue
shines in our cottages, cloudless, serene
and happy as our lives.

"SHE HAS FINISHED HER EDUCATION."

Do you observe that young lady with
a compressed shape—an enormous
French hat—a superabundance of chains,
bracelets, crosses, golden hearts, &c. &c.
mincing her steps through Broadway?

"She has finished her education." Ob-
serve Miss Prissy with her hair in papa-
lite, her slippers slip shod, her calico
morning gown unhooked, her eyes half
closed, and her mouth in the sulks, slide
to the breakfast table at 9 o'clock. "She
has finished her education." See that
young lady lolling on the bed and cry-
ing over a novel. "She has also finished
her education." Only mark the fine,
bold, inde-pendant air which Miss Dash-
away puts on as she sails through the
drawing rooms—a nod to one—a smile
to another—Harry how do we, when do
you marry? Bless us a quadrille, Ben-
nett play "Go to the devil and shake
yourself." "Engaged sir, for the next
six cotillions." "She has likewise finished
her education." Observe that young lady
at the piano, thumping the march
in the Freychoz and squalling out of
all tune and harmony, and voche, or
"Love was once a little boy." "She
also has finished her education."

The fact is, that young ladies at the
present day finish their education before

"The glorious mirror, where the Almighty's
form,
Grasps itself in tempests,"

and shuddered, when the thought came
across his mind, of how many slept
beneath "where fathom line had never
reached;" but, when he saw the golden
dolphin play with the waves, and the
setting sun sink smilingly in the purple
ocean, admiration and delight ban-
ished every other feeling, and they
sailed on swiftly and safely to the port
of their destination.

It should have been told that the un-
cle of Charles was a bachelor, and a

merchant of extensive wealth and busi-
ness: that he had previously resided in
India, and his attachment to the coun-
try was such, that he determined there
to spend the remainder of his days.
When they arrived there, Charles was

endeavoured to console him. I remind-
ed him of the claims his wife and sister
had upon his care, and exhorted him to
cheer up and keep alive his energy.

"True sir," he replied, "I am not

they have actually commenced. The mistake the mere elementary and introductory part of their education for the commencement may be dated from that period when mind and faculty developed themselves and embrace in a comprehensive manner, all the details and items of early instruction, giving to each, force, stability and finish.

It is before the flower puts forth its genial buds, that it is taken from the parent stalk, and though admired and caressed for a time, it soon withers.

The Liverpool Albion, in noticing this subject remarks

"There is a lady, of whom I have some knowledge, that "finished her education," by leaving peculiarly good advantages at an early age. She is now a wife and the mother of six children.

She plays well upon the piano—sings sweetly—dances elegantly—is very polite, &c.—but her husband must, and actually does, put all the children to bed, and takes care of them through the night; and as to her table, the bread is execrable, to one who has visited his grandmother's pantry—and her coffee—O! her coffee!—it would cost her her head, if the very scent of it reached the Grand Turk's palace—and yet the lady has "finished her education."—Noah.

A SLICE OF WEDDING CAKE.

Some musing Jacques, now, might richly moralize upon a slice of wedding cake. 'Tis a fit emblem of married life. It is made up of a great many ingredients of opposite qualities, either of which alone, would be dry, bitter, insipid, sour, or cloying; the excellence of the compound depending altogether upon a judicious and happy admixture of the whole. The flour: that is the every day concerns of life,—these would tie and become dry and flat, but for the sweets;—the pleasures, amusements and endearments—these too would cloy, but for the sour—the cares, vexations, the labor and exertions of married life, which call in exercise the better qualities of mutual forbearance, perseverance and self-control, and fit us to partake of the sweets as a dessert in the courses of happiness, with a good relish, instead of sickenning by making a whole meal of them. The fruits explain themselves. They are sweet or bitter precisely as they are trained and prepared by those who make up this matrimonial compound. The gilding and decorations of the cake, are emblematic of the consequence that wealth, equipage, show and dash, attach to a married pair. These are well enough in their place, but are made to attract the eye and not to gratify the taste. The cake looks better for them, but it tastes no better, its kernel is no sweeter, and when it comes to be sliced up for use, the gaudy trappings are thrown away, as the less estimable portion of it. Perhaps to, beneath the very gilding that decorates some gay leaf, you may find a little worm that is preparing to despoil it of all its verdure. Even the most inferior ingredient of the whole, the flour, is more substantial, and adapted to infinitely more uses and comforts than the gilded leaf. So, though wealth serves to ornament and decorate, married life, it is least to be relied on for furnishing the means of happiness. It may add, if judiciously employed, to the enjoyments that depend upon the heart; temper, congeniality, principle and attachment, but without these it only serves to render misery more conspicuous—'tis like a gold plate upon a splendid coffin, brave without, but within in decay, and all that disgusts.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY

LEVI LINCOLN,

Governor of the

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,

A PROCLAMATION,

For a Day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise.

In the rich enjoyment of the blessings of public tranquillity, of health, and the abundance of the harvests, the People of this Commonwealth have passed through another revolution of the Seasons, and, in devout contemplations of the goodness of a divine and merciful Benefactor, who has sustained and nourished and loaded them with benefits, their hearts will be elevated to acknowledgments of gratitude, and animated to fervent ascriptions of adoration and praise.

To afford opportunity, at the accustomed period of the year, for an united expression of these sentiments and feelings of pious joy, I have thought fit, with the advice and consent of the Council, to set apart THURSDAY, the twenty-ninth day of November next, to be observed as a Religious Festival of THANKSGIVING, throughout the Commonwealth. And I invite the People of every Christian denomination, to repair, on that day, to the houses dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, there to commemorate the signal mercies of his Providence, in the preservation of their lives, and in the multiplied circumstances of comfort and happiness with which they are enjoyed. To recognise the divine superintendence, in the Peace and Prosperity of the Nation; in the security of the institutions of Popular Government; in the indulgence of the rights of conscience; in the diffusion of the means of instruction and knowledge, and in the

cultivation and improvement of civil and social relations:—To rejoice that charity and philanthropy are engaged in the relief of the afflicted, intelligence and moral virtue in vindicating the rights of the oppressed, and that the spirit of Christianity is in exercise, to communicate the influence of the Gospel to the ignorant and vicious of the whole earth. —And truly and deeply sensible of our dependence upon the grace and mercy of God, may we seek, by resolutions of devoted obedience to his will, by penitence for sin, and by supplication and prayer, the confluence of his favor;—humbly commanding ourselves, in our individual interests and wants, and in all our associations with Society, Government, and Country, to his future protection and blessing.

The People of the Commonwealth are requested to abstain from whatever is inconsistent with the appropriate observance of the occasion.

Given at the Council Chamber, in Boston, this seventeenth day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-six, and the fifty-second of the independence of the United States of America.

LEVI LINCOLN.

By his Excellency the Governor, with the advice and consent of Council.

EDWARD D. BANGS, Secretary.

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

STAGE ACCIDENT.—The mail stage from Amherst, N. H. was overturned in Burlington on Tuesday last, in consequence of the horses suddenly starting on one side, in an unequal part of the road. The stage had proceeded but a few rods from Reed's tavern, where the passengers had dined, before the accident happened. There were ten passengers, three of whom were females, and all but one received some injury. The driver had his right arm broken, and his head very much bruised, the blood flowing freely from his nose and ears. No blame whatever attaches to the driver.

VIRGINIA COTTON.—The Petersburg Intelligencer gives a statement of the quantity of cotton shipped for twelve months last past, from that port, amounting to 36,780 bales.

WARNING TO BOYS.—In the Boston Police Court last week, three lads of 12 or 14 years of age, were convicted of breaking into the dwelling house of William D. Sobier, Esq. and taking therefrom various articles, such as spoons, knives, &c. They were severally sentenced to imprisonment.

At a review, on Monday last, in Rehoboth, a laughable mistake is said to have taken place in the manoeuvres of the company of cavalry. The commander in ordering his men to mount, inadvertently bade them "place the right foot in the stirrup;" and then the consequence was that they all found themselves seated with their faces towards the tails of the horses they rode! And before the officer could correct the error, one sergeant had actually wheeled his men, telling them they were about to escort the reviewing officers, "left in front."—Warren Star.

DISCOVERIES OF HERCULANEUM.—Several discoveries of considerable interest have been made within the few past months in the ruins of Herculaneum.

Among them is the house of a barber, including his shop, &c. The utensils employed by him in his occupation were in excellent preservation, as well as the bench on which his customers used to seat themselves while waiting to take their turns; with the stove, and several pins used by ladies to confine their hair.

NEW ORLEANS.—In an election of an Alderman for the first Ward in N. Orleans, Sept. 3, Mr. Alexander Phillips, the Administration candidate, had 132 votes, Mr. John G. Greeves, the Jackson candidate, 52. There are only 250 voters in the Ward—20 Adams men of the Ward are absent from the city, and 10 others did not come to the polls.

N. O. Argus.

Concord, Mass. Oct. 6.

We understand that counterfeit bills of the Smithfield Bank, R. I. and of one of the Boston Banks, have been sent into circulation within a few days by an experienced hand. Several warrants are now out for the rogue. It is conjectured from some suspicious circumstances that several old friends who had formerly contracted an intimacy in the Charlestown stone-house, have been making this town a place of meeting preparatory to carrying on extensive business in their line.

The Hon. John Sargent, a friend to the National Administration, has been elected to Congress in Philadelphia, by a majority of 257 over Mr. Hemphill, another popular and respectable gentleman, who was supported by the friends of Gen. Jackson. No other Jackson candidate would, probably, have had so many votes.—N. E. Palladium.

SOUTHWICHIANA.—We shall have to take out a commission, "de lunatico inquirendo," against our friend Solomon Southwick. He has discovered that there were about one thousand original

conspirators in the abduction of Morgan. Originality being quite a rare thing, we are quite astounded to learn there is so much of it in our state. Solomon is still in the field, with "harness on his back," against masonry. He avows his determination neither to give or take quarter—aut Solomon aut masonry—one or the other must fall. He has altogether forgotten the proverb of his great namesake, "seest thou man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him!"

If Solomon would confine his mighty wrath to the supposed or real (nothing as yet proved) murderers of Morgan, it would be all very proper—but it is really ridiculous to see him butting his nose against every Masonic Hall in the world. His nose probably has the worst of it.

N. Y. M. Courier.

FAYETTE, (Missouri,) Sept. 13.

We have heard of several instances

where the over heated Jacksonians have given Mr. Buchanan's letter a very warm reception. One gentleman, we understand, (who wishes to be a leader for the Hero) declared, upon reading it, that Buchanan had been bribed by Mr. Clay or his friends, thus to deny the General's charge. Another said Maj. Eaton would give Buchanan the lie. Another declared, upon hearing its contents, that Buchanan had better mind what he was about, or he would get his d—d throat cut. These gentlemen, to whom we allude, are among the most intelligent, though (as their expressions will show) violent and whole going friends the Hero has in our part of the country—while our friend across the square, the Observer, and the redoubtable Duff Green, have labored, until they have "bled at every pore," to shew their less informed brethren that all is well, and that every thing is provided. It is an up-hill business—the majority of Jackson's friends here, although they wish to do so, cannot believe them.

North. Dev. Jour.

DEPTFORD, Oct. 18.

DEATH BY SUCCION.—Mr. Edward H. Adams, merchant, of Boston, had been residing in this town, at Alden's Hotel, a day or two, partly for amusement and partly to enjoy the pure air of the country. The circumstances attending the sudden exit of this man are melancholy and distressing. On Friday evening last he retired to bed, in usual health, in a small, tight chamber, without fire-place, and in which he left two lamps burning, when sleep overtook him, but whether by design or not is not known. He was discovered by a maid domestic on Saturday about noon. On opening his door she was met by a thick body of smoke, that much alarmed her, together with a faint groan from the unfortunate man. The family were called, who found him lying on his back in bed, speechless and senseless. Medical aid was instantly called, and hopes for some time were entertained of his being resuscitated. But, after three hours constant application, he expired. Before removing him into fresh air, his nostrils and throat appeared furred up with the lamp effluvia, similar in degree to the fume of a chimney. The curtains also of his bed were black by the same ingredient. No doubt is entertained, whatever his habits were, but this was the cause of his death. The circumstance ought to be a sufficient caution to those who are in the habit of burning candles and lamps in their rooms during their sleeping hours, without suitable ventilators, as an open door, fireplace, window, &c. Indeed, it is injurious to lodge in closely confined rooms, especially with more than one person, without any lights. Lodging-rooms, as well as beds, ought to be well aired every day.

Register.

ZANESVILLE, (Ohio,) Oct. 6.

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCES.—A young gentleman of the name of Bliss, son of Dr. Bliss of Salt Creek, was violently thrown from his horse a few miles from this place, while returning from the military parade, on Friday evening the 29th ult. and so badly injured, that he remained speechless until the next morning, when he expired. Another gentleman, going in another direction from the same master, was also severely and dangerously injured in the same manner. The above cases are sufficiently melancholy; but what we have further to relate, is distressing beyond description. On Wednesday last, Mrs. Slack, wife of Mr. Jacob Slack, who lives about four miles from this place, in Washington township, in a fit of insanity, killed three of her own children! She cut their throats with a razor; and afterwards cut her own. The wound inflicted on herself, did not prove immediately fatal. Whether she will recover or not remains uncertain. The oldest child killed, (a daughter,) was we understand about 11 years old. The next three years old and the youngest 6 months. The unfortunate woman has repeatedly shown symptoms of insanity, and some years ago attempted to commit suicide.

Articles of agreement, made, concluded, and entered into, this fifth day of July, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven, witness, as follows:

First. The parties whose names are hereunto signed, hereby agree to enter into Copartnership, and form themselves into a company, for the purpose of printing, and publishing at Bangor, in the County of Penobscot, and State of Maine, a weekly newspaper called the Eastern Republican, and to share alike in the profit and loss arising from the publication of said newspaper, according to the dividends and assessments, by the committee of accounts from time to time declared thereon; in proportion to the amount of stock owned by each of said parties.

Second. Twelve hundred dollars shall

constitute the capital stock of said company,

and be divided into two hundred

and forty shares; and no individual shall

subscribe for more than twenty shares

until the Treasurer and Agent shall find it otherwise practicable to fill up the amount of the aforesaid capital stock.

Third. The parties aforesaid here

by appoint Gen. Isaac Hodsdon, Treasurer of said company; and it shall be

his duty to assist the agent in procuring

subscriptions to the stock of said company,

to issue certificates therefor, countersigned by his own signature and that of the Agent; to receive securities therefor, and collect money thereon

to keep an accurate account of the debt

and credits of said company, with a

full record of the appropriations, dis-

bursements, assessments, dividends and

allowances, from time to time made by

the committee of accounts, and with the

Agent to sign all securities needful for

conducting the publication of said paper.

Fourth. The aforesaid parties here

by appoint Joseph Kelsey, Jonathan

Knowles, Wm. R. Lowney, Isaac Jacob

and Alden N. Renken, Esq. for said Com-

pany, to examine and Agent, and to

reconcile the accounts, and to publish

an accurate account of the debts and

credits of said company, and to publish

an accurate account of the debts and

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EMBER 1, 1827.

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Alden Nickerson, Joshua Carpenter, Reuben Bartlett, James Holmes and Gorham Parks a Committee of Accounts for said Company, with power, at all times, to examine the books of the Treasurer and Agent, to pass upon and audit their accounts with the Company, to declare dividends and make assessments, and exercise a superintendance over the financial and fiscal concerns of said Company; any three of whom on due notice to all, shall form a quorum for business.

Fifth. The parties aforesaid hereby constitute Nathaniel Haynes, of Bangor, their agent and Editor of the aforesaid newspaper; and it shall be his duty to publish and edit the same; to keep an accurate account of the names of subscribers, and of the debts and credits of said paper; to settle its bills from time to time; to sign with the treasurer of said Company such securities as may be required in the management of their concerns; and whenever required by the Committee of Accounts or the Treasurer, to make an exhibit of the condition of the funds of said Company, and with the Treasurer thereof, to sign certificates of stock, and assist him in procuring subscriptions thereto, and do and perform all things incumbent upon the Editor and publisher of a newspaper.

Sixth. The aforesaid Company, as such, hereby covenant and agree with the aforesaid Treasurer, and Agent and Editor, to indemnify and save them harmless, in their individual capacities, against all liabilities they may incur in the discharge of their before mentioned trusts.

Seventh. There shall be at least two meetings in a year of the stockholders in said Company, to be held in Bangor, during the two sessions of the Supreme Court, for the County of Penobscot, and notified by the Treasurer and Agent; when the Committee of Accounts shall present to the Company a true account of its finances, means of support, and whatever pertains to its concerns.

Eighth. The aforesaid Company hereby covenant with Nathaniel Haynes, to purchase of him, at the price of seven hundred dollars, to be paid to his satisfaction by their aforesaid Treasurer, the printing press, type, &c. of the Eastern Republican, according to a bill of sale and schedule executed to him on the fifth day of June, Anno Domini, 1827, by Ezra S. Brewster; and in further consideration therefor, the aforesaid parties agree with said Haynes, that the certificates of Stock in said Company shall not be transferable to any but parties to this instrument, and that the right of pre-emption to said Stock, when offered for sale, shall vest in said Haynes and his assigns.

Ninth. The parties aforesaid hereby appoint, that there shall be a meeting of said Company whenever a majority of the Republican Committee for the County of Penobscot, shall deem it expedient, and signify the same to the Treasurer and Agent, whose duty it shall be to notify the same; and a majority of the votes given individually by the parties aforesaid, at a meeting so held, as aforesaid, shall control the Editor and direct the course to be pursued by said Newspapers in such political affairs and County questions, as at said meeting may be acted upon and determined.

In testimony whereof, we have hereunto set our hands and seals, the day and year before mentioned.

COMMUNICATION.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

No person has ever arrived to eminence, or attained a distinguished rank in life, without witnessing the relentless rage of party spirit, and the wanton attacks on private character. But if there is any thing that can disgrace civil society, it is this spirit of indiscriminate and wanton slander. A spirit the vilest by which any nation can be cursed. And yet this spirit exists, it exists amongst us. It pervades the whole extent of our country, once preeminent for every social virtue. It insinuates itself into the cottage of the peasant. It enters, I had almost said resides, in the mansion of the great. It is cherished by every party, it moves in every circle. It pervades the whole extent of our country, once preeminent for every social virtue. It insinuates itself into the cottage of the peasant. It enters, I had almost said resides, in the mansion of the great. It is cherished by every party, it moves in every circle. It approaches the awful Seat of Justice. In a word, it surrounds us on every side, and on every side it breathes forth its pestilential vapor, blasting talents and virtue, and reducing like the grave, whose pestiferous influence it imitates, the great, and the good, and the ignoble, and the vile to the same degrading level. Humiliating indeed it is, to every generous mind, to view the schemes devised by base and unprincipled calumniators, to defame the character of those who have contributed most to the glory of our country. We have viewed with regret the services of our illustrious Jefferson and Madison, and their worthy contemporaries ungratefully rewarded by the vilest aspersions of aspiring demagogues. We now witness the same ruthless attempts that are made to divest of all its greatness, the name of Andrew Jackson. But encircled as he is, with slander the most foul, and abuse, at which humanity would revolt and demons blush to disseminate—with ingratitude stalking with its shameless effrontery, he stands proverbially this nation's great benefactor. Amidst persecutions so foul, so receding, why stays the up-

listed arm of vengeance? Why slumbers the just resentment of retributory justice. To trace the source from whence originates this dense cloud of venomous reprobation, you have only to raise the veil from covered villainy and you expose to view Federalism in all its hideous native deformity. But the massive shafts of envy and malice fall regardless at his feet. Like a rock in the midst of the ocean, firmly resting upon its eternal basis, he remains serene and unmoved, though exposed to all the buffettings of surrounding billows. The unprincipled and licentious may attempt to obliterate his fame, but so identified is the character of Jackson with that of our country and its republican institutions, that their efforts will prove to them, and to the world, to be irrelevant and unavailing. With the plaudits of grateful millions his name will be cherished in the hearts of his countrymen, when his marbled monument shall have moulder'd in the dust.

MONTICELLO.

MARRIED.

In this town, by the Rev. Henry A. Merrill, NATHAN A. BRADBURY, M. D., to MISS ELIZA MILLETT, both of this town. [With the above notice we received a slice of the wedding cake. The united pair have our best wishes that the bonds of matrimony may to them prove as made of silken cords; that their path of life may be strewn with flowers, and that in plucking the rose, they may ever avoid the thorn.

In Hebron, by the Rev. Joseph Walker, DOCT. SOLOMON P. CUSHMAM of Brunswick, to MISS HARRIET, daughter of Hon. W. C. WHITNEY, of Hebron.

In Seneca Co. N. Y. on the 13th of Sept. after a long and tedious courtship of about 25 years, Mr. Gilbert Honeywell, of Locke, to Miss Polly Eicer, of Scipio.

Gilbert wo'd Polly for many a year; At length he obtained his own dearest dear. It was not for his cows, his sheep, or his money, That Polly lov'd Gilbert—no she always lov'd Honey.

A happier couple perhaps you ha'n't seen; She's handsome and sprightly as girls at 18. Why such long delay I surely can't tell; She always lov'd Honey—the loved Honey—well.

At Lunenburg, N. S. George Wolfe, aged 82 years, to Miss Barbara Hahn, aged 73 years; after a courtship of nearly 50 years.

DIED,

In Portland, on the 22d ult. Rev. Edward Payson, D. D.

In Watertown, Mass. Horatio, aged 2 years and 10 months, child of Rev. Russell Street, recently of Portland.

"Sleep tender form, the race is run, And pain shall rend thy heart no more; Thy life's brief journeying is done, For thou hast reach'd a peaceful shore."

In Paris, Mr. Nicholas Chesley, aged 76.

In Gloucester, Thankful, child of Mrs. Nancy Roberts, aged 3 years. Mrs. Roberts had gone into one of the neighboring houses for a few moments, leaving the little sufferer and a brother of 5 years of age at home, when she was informed that her child was burnt to death. The boy said the fire was communicated to her clothes from the hearth, and that they endeavored to extinguish it, but not succeeding, she ran out of the house in search of water, but had not proceeded but a few yards before she fell, her clothes being in an entire flame, which suffocated her.

In Twinsburg, Portage County, Ohio, on the 21st September, Moses and Aaron Wilcox, aged about 50. They as we are informed were twin brothers, born in Connecticut, they were married on the same day, their wives being sisters; they hoped to have experienced religion on the same day, and attached themselves to the same church and on the same day; they engaged in mercantile business together, at Middlefield, and settled together; from thence they removed and settled themselves, together, in this State, at a place which from them derived the name of Twinsburg; they were taken sick on the same day, confined sick the same length of time; they died the same day, and were buried in the same grave, and have left to their bereaved children the same rich inheritance of an unsullied moral and christian character.

The singular identity which pervaded the character of these men, and the events of their lives manifested itself no less in their persons. During their youth and middle age, so nearly did they resemble each other as to challenge the most discriminating eye to distinguish them. Employed in the early part of their lives, in the neighborhood of each other, as school teachers, they were wont occasionally to change schools, and always without detection, on the part of the scholars, of the change. What reader of this, as he passes through Twinsburg, will not think of the Twins?—Cleveland Herald.

In Franklin county, Ky. Mr. William Kettler, aged about 45 years. This gentleman was remarkable for excessive corpulence, which rapidly increased upon him for several years, and finally caused his death. During the last year of his life, he increased in weight upwards of 150 pounds; 582 pounds, was found to be his weight three or 4 weeks before his death. His height was about 6 feet.

Floor and Stair Carpets; Heart Rugs; Carpet and Red Binding; Table Coverings; Floor Cloths; &c. Dutch Bolting Cloths, from No. 4 to 12, at Boston prices.

Ot. 26. 1827.

FALL & WINTER GOODS.

JEREMIAH DOW.

At No. 5, MESSER'S Row, MIDDLE-STREET,
AS just received a valuable assortment
of BROADCLOTHS & CAS-
SIMERES, of different colors and qualities,

from 3 1/2 to 7 1/2 per yard.

Satinets; Flannels; Bockings; Rose

Blankets; Camblets; Plaids; Bombazets;

3 4 and 5 1/2 Bombazets; Crapes; Silks; Pon-

ges; Norwich Crapes; Italian do.; Silk;

Cassimere and Valentia Shawls and Mantles;

Swansdown, Valentia, Silk and Velvet Vest-

ings; Silk and Worsted Hosiery; Gloves;

Flax and Bandanna Handkerchiefs; Pale-

green and Bandanna Handkerchiefs; Cam-

bricks; Linen Cambriks, and Linen Cam-

brick Handkerchiefs—Common Cambriks

Handkerchiefs, and Long Lawns—Gentlemen's

Black Figured and Plain Bombazets—Plain

Colored and Figured do.—Figured Salisbury

Flannels—Rattanets—Caroline Plaids and

Stripes—Red, Green, Yellow, and White

Flannels—Green Bockings—Tartan, Norwich

and real Scotch Plaids—Real Goat's hair, imi-

tation Goat's hair and common Camblets—

colored Surges for Cloak Linings—Black,

Blue and Brown Hair Plushes—Real Maren-

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Poetry.

FROM THE "WEEVER JOURNAL."

SUNG AT THE DEAN. OF BETHLEHEM CHURCH, IN AUGUSTA.

BY PITT DILLINGHAM, ESQ.

Great source of life, of joy, of love,
Who dwelt'st enthron'd in light above!
Our kind protector, father, friend,
Before thy glorious throne we bend.

Wilt thou vouchsafe thy gracious ear
Thy servant's humble prayer to hear,
To bless this hour;—here may we raise
To thee unceasing hymns of praise;

Here may we our willing souls repair,
And join in piety and prayer;
Here, thy good spirit from above,
Shed heavenly peace and heavenly love.

Here, when dark storms of sorrow lower,
When earthly comforts no more,
May Bethlehem's star dispel the gloom,
And lead to joy beyond the tomb.

In this thy house may we receive
That hope and joy thou deign'st to give
To all who on thy goodness call,
Make thee their trust, their strength, their all.

Here may our souls in rapture raise
The loud triumphant song of praise
To Him whose power o'er all extends,
Whose loving kindness never ends.

FROM THE "PHILADELPHIA SOUVENIR."

THE HEART.

Cold is the . . . life rule that metes
Stern bounds of feelings to the heart,
Curbing with selfish fear its beats,
And from its dictate ne'er to part.

Tis true, life's sad experience shows,
The heart we trust is oft a cheat;
And friendship's current seldom flows
Pure—uncommingled with deceit.

And yet to close the breast is doubt,
To live a being isolate—
Oh! 'tis to shut all pleasures out,
To nourish misanthropic hate:

To feel the heart's trust all consume,
Cold—cold and withering in the breast;
To make the living world a tomb,
By every quick'ning joy unblest.

To cause 'em hope, the heart's last stay,
Hope, oft midst desolation kind,
Flees, as life's parting breath away,
And leaves a lifeless wreck behind.

Far happier he whose lot is cast
A lonely wretch on desert shore,
Who fondly dwells on friendships past,
And longs to greet his race once more.

And what a—hey whose foul deceit,
Thus ch's the social feeling's glow;
The heart of those pure raptures cheat,
That from confiding friendship flow.

Those heart assassins!—feelings doom—
By art the inmost heart who gain;
And all its vital springs consume,
In morbid pangs of ling'ring pain.

From such my soul be thou remov'd,
Sever'd by Alps, and oceans wide;
Never to communion be thou mov'd,
Or in their dwelling place abide.

SYDNEY.

Variety.

FROM THE PITTSBURG MERCURY.

THE BACHELOR AT A PARTY.

I was sitting the other evening in my arm chair, with my feet resting on the fire place, engaged in drawing figures in the ashes with the poker when I heard a loud rapping at my door. To be disturbed when I wish to be alone, is at all times unpleasant to me; but it was peculiarly so at that particular moment: for, comfortably fixed in the attitude I have described, my fancy was busily engaged in conjuring up evils which might possibly happen to me or to some of my friends, and in allotting to all a full share of the numerous "ills" that flesh is heir to." In short, I was in a fair way of getting the blues, and was beginning to think that in a few minutes more I might claim the privilege of venting my ill humor on every thing that presented itself. It was, therefore, with a feeling of nervous irritability, that I walked to the door and hastily opened it—when who, of all men, should enter, but Dick Volatile! I could have slammed the door in his face—to be "galled and pestered with a popinjay" at such a moment was intolerable. However, I invited him in, and pointing to a chair, kindly asked him to sit down, whilst I fixed myself in my old position, and resumed my old employment.

"Monstrous polite to be sure, Mr. Oldstyle. You have been studying Chesterfield lately, I perceive, and really you progress charmingly. Pray, do you think the essence of good breeding consists in telling a gentleman who visits you, that there is a chair, and he may sit down in it if he chooses!"

"Pshaw," said I. "There it is now—more politeness. Why in a little time you will be at the head of the *bon ton*. But let me see your face. Bless me what a *lack of dash*! I look you have! If I had such a pliz, I would be a candidate to blow the bellows of a church organ—and would hope in a little time to be made a vestryman!"

"Ah! you have a fine flow of spirits, Richard, and well you might—you have nothing to depress you. Six and thirty years have I—

"Six and thirty fiddlesticks!" said Dick. "Cheer up Ned—what's the matter, man? Why ain't you dressed for the party?"

"Dressed—for the party"—I turned my gaze slowly towards him, and discovered for the first time, that he was in full dress. A blue coat, with shining gilt buttons, seemed as if it were hung upon his shoulders—his shirt collar of daz-

zing whiteness, and well starched, towering high above his cravat on each side, and seemed emulous of meeting at the crown of his head—a profusion of ruffles graced his bosom—and when the eye rested on his silk stockings and shining pumps, it was impossible to deny, that Dick, for that evening at least, was an exquiste of the first water.

"Why, what in the name of all that's wonderful is the matter? Where are you going?" said I, aroused from my stupor, by the singularity of his appearance, a smile of contempt I fear, played upon my countenance.

"Pray Miss, have you read Scott's last novel?"

"Yes Sir."

(Another long pause.) I determined to assume impudence, if I had it not. I thrust my hands into my pantaloons pocket, threw my eyes up to the ceiling, and patted my foot on the floor. "Confound the fiddler, when will he begin?" I exclaimed mentally. A smile from my partner, and a general titter through the room attracted my attention. I involuntarily cast my eyes towards my hands, when I discovered that, in thrusting my hands into my pocket **** This was encouraging. "Which is your favorite figure, Miss?"

"Speed the plough."

"Speed the plough," thought I; she

is quizzing my awkwardness too—she

thinks I am fresh from the plough—and

she wishes me to speed my way out of

her sight. I was a little nettled, and did

not speak again for a minute. At length

I thought it necessary to say something;

but what could I say?—(A long pause)—

"Pray Miss, have you read Scott's

last novel?"

"Going! why, with you to Mrs. K.—party?"

Wrapped in my meditations, I had for-

gotten that the charming Mrs. K.—

had sent me a note in a pretty little

cowpuk kind of a hand, importuning that

she "would be very happy to have the

pleasure of Mr. Oldstyle's company to

tea this evening"—and it was not with-

out a feeling of alarm, I recollect that

the evening was far advanced, and that

I had neither despatched an apology

nor made arrangements for complying

with the invitation. I was on the point

of relapsing into the horrors, when my

friend Dick obliged me to make an el-

ement, and save my credit with the ladies.

In a short time I was ready, and we sat

off together.

"Now comes the tug of war," said

Dick, as he deposited his hat under a

table in the hall. Keep an eye on your

hat, Oldstyle, yours is a pretty good

one, and as the first rates are always

dealt out first, you will lose yours if you

should be late in leaving the ladies.—

Come on—we must enter boldly—bow

to your fair hostess—chat with the la-

dies—drink a cup of coffee—and then

hey for the fiddle and the dance!"

In a moment we were in the midst of

an assembly of all the wealth and beau-

ty and fashion of the city. Dick bowed

with a negligent air to the ladies—

advanced to Mrs. K.—paid her a

compliment, and paired off with a young

lady to a snug corner of the room. But

I—I was confounded—a sort of giddiness

oppressed me, and dazzled my eyes—I

could recognize no one, though I had

many acquaintances near me. I bowed

involuntarily, bowed, to all around me,

and trembling with agitation, I approach-

ed Mrs. K. Smiling with satisfaction at

the apparent pleasure of every one, she

kindly welcomed me, and introducing me

to two young beauties who sat next

to her, glided out of the room. Behold

me, reader, in a pitiable situation! I had

not a word to say—all my powers of

conversation had deserted me in my ut-

most need—and for the soul of me I did

not know what to do. To retreat would

be disgraceful, to remain without speak-

ing a word would be ridiculous. In short

I would have given the world to have

been in the entry where my hat was,

but to get off honorably was impossible.

I determined to say something. Bow-

ing to one of the ladies,

"Pythagoras, madam," said I—"holds

that?"

"Sir!"—

"I was saying—Humph—I was say-

ing—Miss—that—a—that—that this is

a very pleasant party.—

"Very pleasant, sir."

"Every body seems to be gratified."

"Yea, sir."

Anxious to continue the conversation,

I blundered on—"The company, too, is

very agreeable!"—"To this there was

no answer—and determined not to haz-

ard another remark, I bowed to Miss

Angelina Seraphina Cherubina short—

and left her. But where to go next,

what to do with myself, was the next

question. Ah! Edward Oldstyle, thought

I, if you were once cleverly out of this

crisis, all the ladies in the world would

not get you into such another. How-

ever, why should you care for the for-

ward little chits, whispered pride—Dash

in amongst them—Hem!—there was

danger in that—I recollect the foolish

situation I had been placed in a moment

before, and a shivering came over me,

as I thought of the possibility of being

placed in such a situation again. So I

stepped into a corner, and sat down, till

the dancing would commence. Then I

hoped the music would enliven me—

and I could muster sufficient resolution

to get along creditably.

At last the dancing did commence—

and every body seemed pleased; but so

was not I—sat still—and it was impos-

ible for me to doubt that every smile

was intended for a sneer at my awkwar-

ness and want of gallantry—and for some

minutes I suffered a sort of martyrdom, I

was like Falstaff and they were like the

farces dancing around me. Every glance

was torment—every word despair!—

Ah!—how often did I sigh for that com-

fortable position and amusing employ-